February 1, 2025

The Battle for Bartlett, Tennessee

In the heart of Tennessee, where the rivers flow,
Lies Bartlett, a town with tales to bestow.
A battle once raged on its fertile ground,
Where echoes of history can still be found.

The year was eighteen sixty-three,
A time of strife and destiny.
Union and Confederate forces met,
In a clash that the town would never forget.

The sun rose high on that fateful day,
As soldiers marched in blue and gray.
Cannons roared and muskets fired,
In a scene both tragic and inspired.

The fields of Bartlett turned to red,

With the blood of the brave, the fallen, the dead.
Yet amidst the chaos and the fight,
There were acts of courage, shining bright.

Farmers and townsfolk, caught in between,
Witnessed the horrors, the sights unseen.
Their homes became shelters, their hearts grew strong,
As they prayed for peace, for the end of the wrong.

The battle raged from dawn till dusk,
With every charge, with every thrust.
But as the night began to fall,
Silence descended, a mournful call.

The soldiers left, the battle done,
But the scars remained, on everyone.
Bartlett stood, resilient and proud,
A testament to those who vowed.

To remember the past, to honor the brave,
To cherish the freedom that they gave.
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Lies Bartlett, a town with tales to bestow.